

MOUNTAIN LAKE ECHOES 1983

M O U N T A I N L A K E E C H O E S

1 9 8 3

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	Marilyn Ladd
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	Judy Spencer
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October 7, 1983

Dear Mountain Lakers:

The leaves are beginning to turn and the long, golden summer to fade. Before the clear perception of our summer slips away, I want to thank you all for an exceptional session. Not in my memory has there been such an enthusiastic, hard-working, and good humored group.

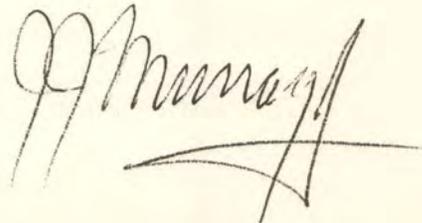
It is hard to know how to distribute the posies: to the researchers for setting the tone of intellectual ferment, to the food service staff for all the goodies and the extra consideration, to the students for their enthusiasm, to the teaching staff for the high standard of courses, to the support staff for everything they did without prompting. How can I possibly single you all out? Let me just say you were great.

Echoes is our frivolous way of trying to capture some of the essence of Mt. Lake for you to take home with you. We hope that it will keep something of the "feel" of Mt. Lake '83 alive for you, perhaps bringing you back to see us. At the very least it carries to you the addresses of all those interesting people you met last summer, so that you can keep up with all of them.

All of you will also be receiving in the new year a copy of the Mt. Lake Bulletin. Jerry Wolff, our director for 1984, has already put together an outstanding program for next summer. (You get a sneak preview herein.) Hope you can take advantage of the offerings, but if not pass the Bulletin around to your friends. We need good students.

I will not be in residence for the summer, but I intend to come down for at least a visit. See you then.

All the best,





Wy binne tige tankber
en bliid mei de berte
fan ús jonkje

We are very happy to
announce the birth of
our son

Michael Steven

4 September 1983

4300 g. 52 cm.

Mountain Lake
Biological Station
Pembroke, Virginia
USA 24136

Steven John Hulburt
Akke Hulburt Veenstra



MONTE DE LACO

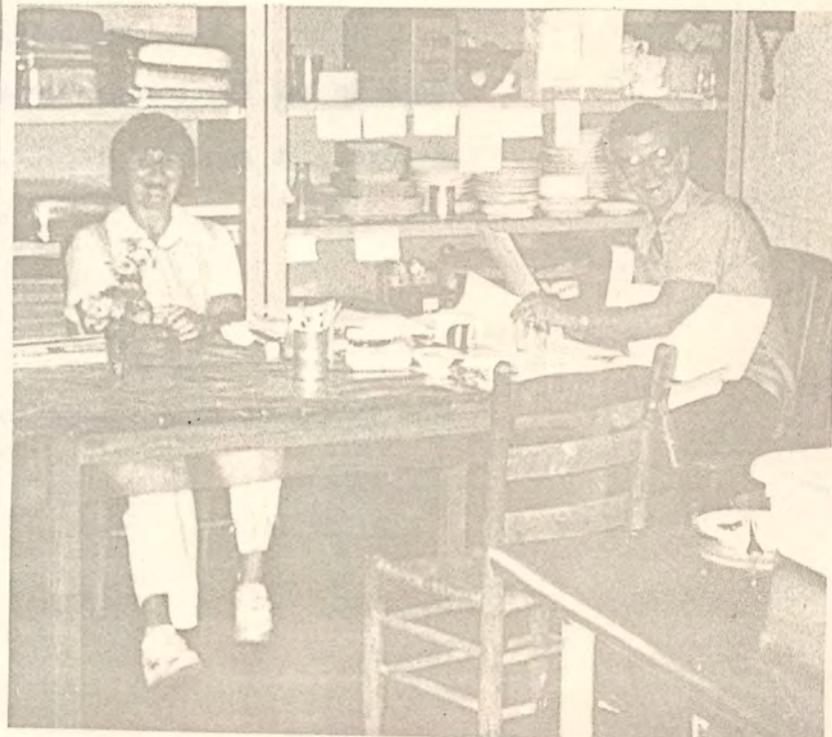
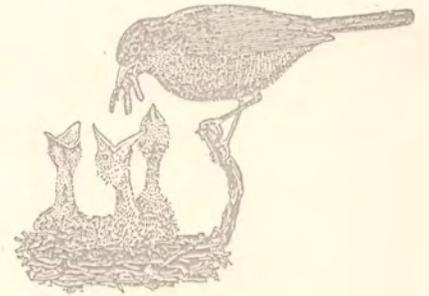
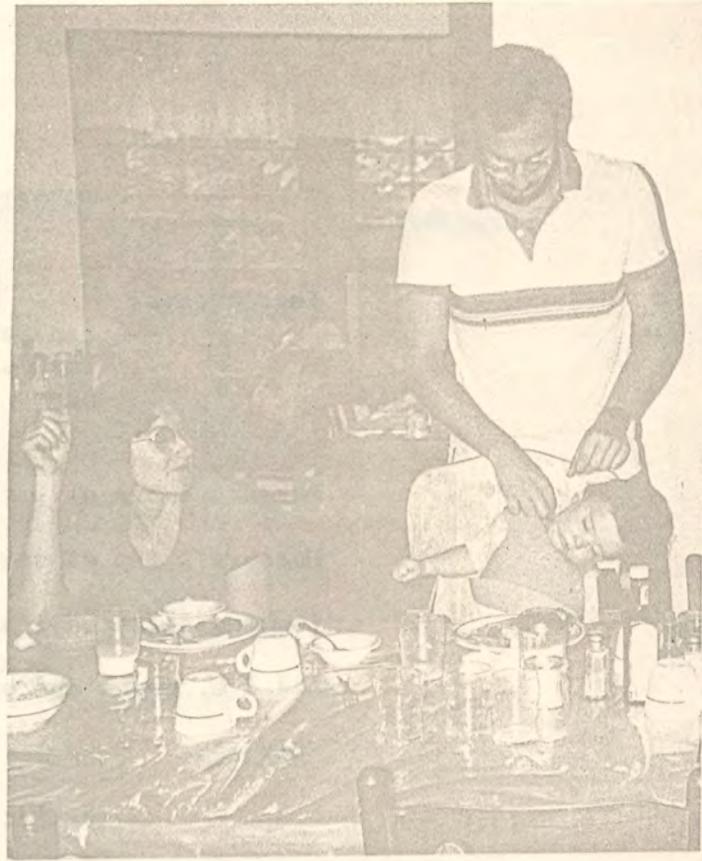
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. 22901
(804) 924-3151

Brothers and Sisters, we are solemnly gathered together in the Abbey of Monte de Laco, set around an emerald greensward, atop a great mountain that rises above the petty fiefdoms (Pembroke and Newport) that lay round about, and which looks over the forest-clad ridges to the free university village of Swartzenbourg, whence the Brethren of the order travel even and anon with toilsome sacks of stained and grimy garments to the laundrematorium. Belikes there is also much trafficking between the village and the Abbey in malted beverages and the fruit of the vine. The latter, as befits the simple life of the monastery and the impecunious circumstances of the Brethren, is both scarce and of the cheapest, cheapest sort.

Here at the Abbey, the novices, penitents, and brethren are under the rule of the kindly Abbot, Brother Murray, J.J., who, over the years has been lovingly tonsured by Mother Nature herself. Assisting the Abbot in his endless labors have been his faithful helpmates, the two Angelicusbergers, husband and wife.

The novices who herein reside do daily enter the lower chambers and there ponder the green plants and goodly animals, applying to this purpose the Gray's Manual, the binocularia, the killing jar, the carbon pencil, and the plexiglass quadrat with seemly diligence. In the upper cells sit betimes the Masters, furrowing their brows, pulling their beards, and chewing their print-out paper whilst contemplating the twisty theoretical knots in the tree of life. Meanwhile, outside the windows, the birds do sing.

--Brother Gooch



FAVORITE RECIPE OF 1983

Ingredients:

Panzie	Fran
Freida	Alan
Reba	Joe
Wayne	

Measure 1 cup of first three ingredients in bowl

Measure 1 cup of next three ingredients in second bowl

Combine first bowl alternately with second bowl and gradually

Add 2 c. Wayne and blend together

Stir in:

a little country music
extra oil (for spaghetti)
bag lunches
lots of "Better than Sex Cake"
bells at odd times
biscuits for breakfast
terrific birthday cakes
candlelight suppers
all the extra touches

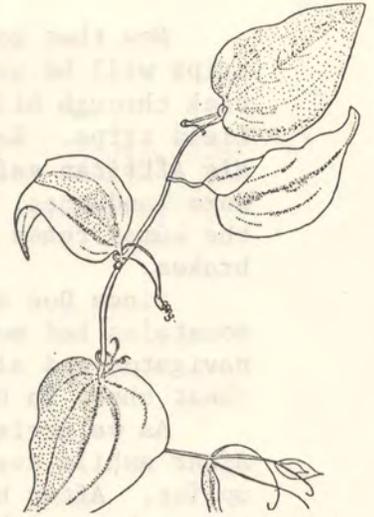
Bake in hot kitchen one week

Remove, let cool and repeat.

The secret to this recipe is the ingredients!

PLANT TAXONOMY

Before telling of the wild botanical adventures of Doc Hardin and his blossoming botanical buddies, this strange crew must be identified:



- 1) Has a strange, club-shaped metal extension of right arm, used for collecting, mountain climbing, punishing students and a million and one other uses.....Doc hardin
- 1) Has no extension of right arm..... 2
- 2) Unfortunately of U.V. . origin
 - a. Mistakenly appearing dignified; part-time philosopher and adopted father to the crew.....Jim bowyer
 - b. Distinctive laugh, avid explorer of small town papers for sports sections. Known as a volleyball hog because of distinctive muddy appearance on the court.....Scott wooden
- 2) Fortunately not of U.Va. origin
 - a. Over 5'5"
 - 1. Bearded face appearing in early July, of questionable character (William & Mary student). Behavior changing in evening hours, often seen as a hot dog on the volleyball court.....John dennis
 - 2. Known for shouting exclamations of happiness when finding a new tree. "Son of a Gun!!" Having a green bag along lateral side of body used for anything and everything including a six-pack.....Ken simpson
 - b. Under 5'5"
 - 1. Seen astray searching for slime molds; characteristic yell is heard when a slime mold is found; responds to nickname of "Slimy".....Dianne davison
 - 2. Known for disgusting sexist humor;preferring boggy habitats as his favorite niche.....Dan rosenberg

Now that some facts are known about the class, some highlights of our field trips will be unveiled. At about 1:30 everyone headed to the van eager for another trek through hills and dales. Eagle-eyed Ken Simpson was our chauffeur for the field trips. Ken always had on his hybrid cowboy/Jamaican sun hat and Doc Hardin, his African safari hat. Jim had his mountain-man hat on and John and Dianne wore bandannas. Thanks to our seat belts, we managed to stay in our seats along the bumpy roads or when Ken found a new tree on the roadside and slammed on the brakes.

Since Doc Hardin hadn't been to Mt. Lake in 20 years, roads seemed different, mountains had moved, and railroad tracks deviated, but nonetheless Doc was our navigator and all from memory too! (The little map and the directions on his cheat sheet in his pocket helped a little).

As we arrived at our destination Doc jumped from the van and set the pace. After awhile everyone wondered if it was a botany or hiking class they had signed up for. After he set the pace the students spent the whole rest of the trip trying to catch up with him. The only way to get him back was to call for his assistance in identifying a plant (which Ken was likely to do at least three times on every trip). During hikes Jim and Dianne kept up the end of the line while Dan, Scott and John were ahead and Doc Hardin was just barely in sight. We all learned a great deal about vascular plants and sometimes non-vascular plants when Dianne would yell about her mushrooms and slime molds. Doc always did the best he could in identifying them too. Ken had Doc Hardin wondering sometimes on his trees. Dan took us on a tour of "his" bog. Jim always kept us in line in a "fatherly" fashion."

Our field trip lead us from fossils to hot shale barrens, from rivers and lakes to bogs, from meandering trails to steep inclines all during which Doc Hardin stayed calm, cool and collected. He got us out of binds with mad property owners with his casual way.

We all had a great time and learned a great deal but a few unresolved questions remain:

- For Doc Hardin:
- 1) Can you really stand up without your stick?
 - 2) Can mountains really move in 20 years?
 - 3) Does Iliamna really exist?

- For Dan:
- 1) Is a bog really the place for little boys?
 - 2) Can sundews eat your toes?
 - 3) Will men ever be superior to women? (No)
 - 4) Is it goosefoot or gooseberry?

- For Scott:
- 1) Will the Pembroke newspaper ever have a sports section with Major League teams?
 - 2) Will U.Va. basketball team win without Ralph Sampson?
 - 3) Will your knees ever be clean when you play volleyball?

- For John:
- 1) Will you ever find girls as nice as the ones in Princeton?
 - 2) Will keying out plants be your career aspiration?

- For Ken:
- 1) Will "Son of a Gun!!" become the new catch phrase for all great botanical finds?
 - 2) Will the infamous green bag and boot last another field course?

- For Jim:
- 1) Does every rule have an exception?
 - 2) Is the back of the line really better?
 - 3) Is there room in the biology field for a retired, dignified govt. worker?

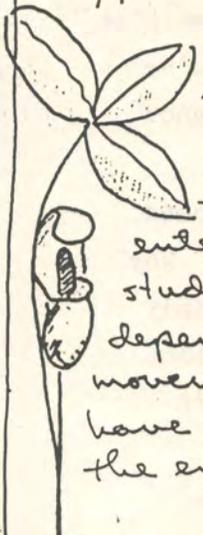
- For Dianne:
- 1) Will you ever find a slime mold that has never been discovered?
 - 2) Will scientific names ever become a part of your vocabulary?
 - 3) Is there life after Mt. Lake?

PLANT POPULATION BIOLOGY : Starring *JANIS ANTONOVICS*



LES REAL

Supporting roles: Michael Blovin, Maggie Desch, Tim Donato, Akke Hulburt, Gene Kelly, Meg Mayers, Jim Pease, Karen Pittman and Claude Stephens.



Plot: Eleven unsuspecting people drive down a mountain with no gasoline in a dense fog. Suddenly they cross the "new river" at Eggleston and (do do do do, do do do do) enter the TWILIGHT ZONE. They are forever doomed to study techniques in experimental analysis of frequency dependent reproductive success as a function of pollinator movement and niche overlap in stable populations which have no overlapping generations due to heterogeneity of the environment and write for the "American Naturalist".

BINGO!

Five weeks later they drive up the same mountain on even less gas and write their memoirs in limerick form:

There once was a plant named "Jack in the Pulpit"
Whose sex it could change for a thrill.
For as our class can attest
Bigger's not always best
For its size that changed Jack into Jill!

Moral: Bigger only counts if you a Plantago inflorescence going for the world record.

or

If you're a bee on a flower looking for juice
You'd better start low near the base
For the higher you go
The less nectar you know
You'll just get pollen all over your face.

or.

Silene's the plant that at night starts to pant
And opens its face to the breeze
But if it gets in a rut
Kissing any ole smut
It might catch its own social disease.



Plantago from Eggleston (Roll over Australia, here we come!)

A LESSON IN ANIMAL BEHAVIOR

Yes folks, it was the summer of experiment design by committee. You've never seen an experiment designed by seven people? You've never watched as seven people proceeded to design one experiment? Well, you have missed quite a lesson in animal behavior.

Perhaps an example--the bullfrogs is a good one. Two boats, two variables, two synchronized watches, and one time keeper. Why synchronize watches if we only have one time keeper? I certainly can't tell you. Our boat recorded the times. Ask the other boat why a lack of data made conclusion impossible! Well, it didn't matter--the frogs didn't respond anyway.

Another example--Did you know salamanders are aggressive, territorial animals? That's what the literature says. So we set up our "fighting arenas", matched rivals, and watched the.....hmm. If you were very imaginative, you watched aggressive displays. I saw some myself, but then I am the one who thought tadpoles were territorial! Anyway, the results on aggressive salamanders are best summarized by relating what happened when we left two in one box overnight by accident--we found them curled up and sleeping together the next morning.

Well, we did get good results in our M & M's experiment. I know I found 38 in just one trial myself. That shows optimal foraging. When Laura and Dougie helped us study tadpole clumping (Laura liked the newts), we got significant results. It was their swimming pool after all.

But seriously our discussions (or decision by committee) were useful and Steve's attitude towards learning was very good--I think we all learned alot.

Chairman: Dr. Steve Martindale

The Committee: Jim Bowyer, Walter Bowyer, Sylvia Bullock, Rod Keller
Jim Pease and Ben Wolff



Birds! What a class! The Biology of Birds Class was the biggest class and we really had a wide spectrum of personalities in there. We had some experienced Mt. Lakers to show us the ropes, and we really caught on fast. Dr. Johnston always kidded us about talking about our laundry and beer on field trips, but we were there to learn about birds, and every single one of us did one heck of a job!!!

Some remarkable things happened to some of our class members. Craig's voice changed (just kidding!), Katie discovered two new species of birds RIGHT HERE at Mt. Lake (an Indigo-Veery and a Chipping Song Sparrow, no less), but the most AMAZING thing of all happened to our favorite Father Figure Ziggo Ziegenfus. After losing two nests, Zig finally found one that was foolproof, so he thought. "Nothing", said he, "could get in and predate a nest that is caged inside the Mammal Project swimming pool!" Little did he know, the wise old Barred Owl had been munching mice all along, but baby Robins are such a delicacy. So Zig and Mom Robin, while watching the darlings from a distance, quietly observed PREDATION IN ACTION.

"Poor Robins!" you say? What about poor Zig? After a story like that, what more can I say?

.....Bernie Roche

CARRY ME BACK TO MOUNTAIN LAKE

Carry me back to Mountain Lake
That's where the Smilax and the poison ivy* grow
There's where the bell rolls you out in the morning
And the Barred Owl hoots, "Who cooks for all of you?"

Carry me back to Mountain Lake
That's where the dogs and the cats on leashes play
Sleep at the pond with the owls and the bullfrogs,
Rise in the morning for another fun-filled day.

Carry me back to Mountain Lake
That's where the population class is in the field.
Out 'fore the dawn with their pollen marking dies.
The only class in his-try where the students make the rules.

Carry me back to Mountain Lake
There's where the Wolfs and the wild Jim's roam
There's where you spend all your time drawing pine cones
And all the mice love the Crisco filled trap homes..

What kind of plants is Doc Hardin's class collecting?
Looking under leaves, why must they act so very weird?
Must be the weeds that cause hallucinations.
Not living in the real world but the abaxial phyllosphere.

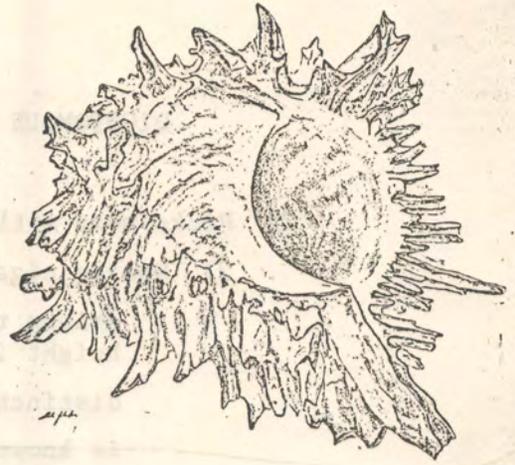
Jim Gooch's class is the one without backbone
Emphasizing critters much inferior to birds.
The class is very small; much as you'd expect it.
As animals go, they study only nerds.

Haven't you heard about the Class Aves???
Always flying high, never grubbing in the dirt.
Heads held up high, finding nests with little birdies
Like the birds we study, our class is cute and pert.

Everyone knows there's only one real class
AND YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT!!

*Editor's Note: Poison ivy is not found at the Mt. Lake Biological
Station!





The Husband's Point of View

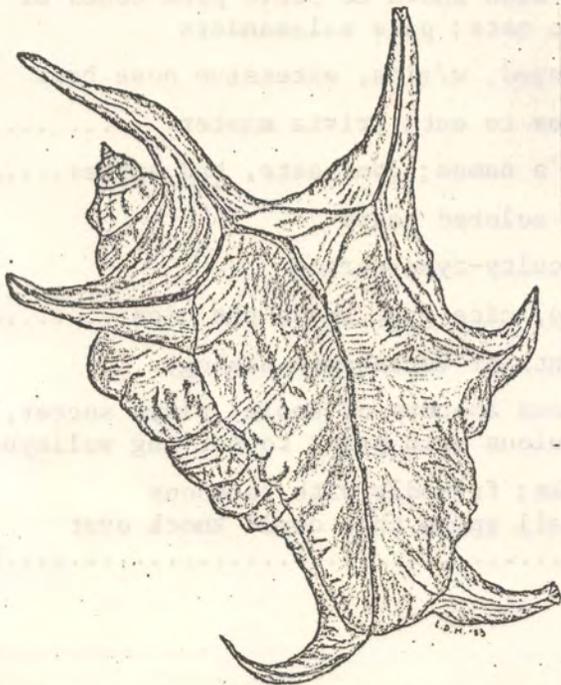
A class called Invertebrate Life
Took me away from my wife.
I missed many hugs
While she keyed out her bugs
And dissected clams with her knife!

One of the students named Ben
Confused a fly with a hen.
When Dr. Gooch found this out,
He started to shout
And Ben never ate fly eggs again.

Regina the last of the others
Stole beetles away from their mothers.
Piece by piece,
As she electrophoresed
She exclaimed, "My look! How they're
all brothers!"

Dr. Gooch made a fine teacher
He showed them each invertebrate creature,
But he found out in time,
That one had a spine
And found there was nothing to teach here.

--Steve Bullock



DICOTOMOUS KEY TO VERTEBRATES OF THE SO. APPALACHIANS

- 1) Picks nose with finger; toeclips small animals for fun, hair on legs
- 2) Smokes cigars and/or pipes
 - drinks raw eggs, concentrated Tang, short stub-like legs, height 2'11"John
 - distinctive laugh, plays volleyball well, winks at guys....Lori
 - is known to "not play games that she can't cheat at".....Sherri
- 2) Not known to smoke or own smoking paraphernalia
- 3) Severe emotional problems
 - 4) Tends to feel guilty; sleeps with fish.....Art
 - 4) Goes out of the way to make self miserable.....Jim H. (class animal trapper, snake grabber, & frog surgeon)
- 3) No problems whatsoever. Lives the good life.
 - 4) Likes to drive vans, hitchhike, and electroshock the skin off fish, small frogs.....Mike
 - 4) Never known to speak in class; has mysterious small duffle-bag grafted to wrist each morning.....Joe V.
- 1) Picks nose with dissecting probe, geeks small animals for mark/recapture; fur on legs
- 2) Rarely seen on volleyball court; knows how to catch salamanders without really trying
- 3) Knows all the plants and birds of the forests; in search of job.....Susanne
- 3) Tall female, breaks seines; whines, complains often.....Cyndy
- 2) Regular volleyball players--also known to serve pine cones or spike large white birds into nets; pats salamanders
 - 4) Dark bearded, four-eyed, w/zits, excessive nose hair
 - 5) Big dog who likes to eat; trivia master.....Joe T.
 - 5) Forgets teacher's names; good sets, bad spikes....John D.
 - 4) Peach-fuzz or light colored beard
 - 5) Red bearded, faculty-type person
 - 6) "easy" tests, nice guy, knows the mice.....Jerry
 - 5) No beard; students of vertebrate biology
 - 6) Drinks copious amounts of booze, plays soccer, gives ridiculous grin prior to serving volleyball..Rich
 - 6) Rarely drinks; friendly with raccoons Has volleyball spike that could knock over polar bear.....Braven

JULY 4TH



Extra

Melon dramatics

High atop Salt Pond Mountain, crowds of spectators gathered for the opening of the Salt Pond Mt. Games. As the bell rang, some of the hardiest Mt. Lakers assembled for the start of the Harry Jopson Road Race, a rigorous, mountain run of 1.2 miles. Placing first for the men's division was John Dennis. Setting a new women's record for the event was Maggie Desch--a late entry because she was eating cookies at the time of the sign-up. Willy Murray raced across the finish line only to be stricken with an attack of "the too many waffles for breakfast syndrome." In the over 35 age group, Steve Stephenson finished first, and third place overall. Chugging right along a short distance behind was Wayne Angleberger. Angleberger has been in training for this race since last July and performed notably.

Sparked by Plant John Bell's team spirit, which led to the design of an appropriate uniform for the games, members of the Plant Team used their ingenuity to array themselves in various botanical garb.

This July 4th was a day for record setting. On the watermelon seed spitting court, Texan Karen Pittman outspit long-time champ, Mary Ann Angleberger--no new record was set but it was quite an accomplishment for a 1st-timer. Another 1st-timer, John Bell, handicapped by unusually small seeds, spit a remarkable 43'10". It might be noted however that a tailwind was present during this event.

A greased watermelon contest kept contestants cool during the afternoon. This was short-lived however for the Plant Team, spurred on by Janis Antonovics, played a fast-paced game of soccer at Peeper Field.

A good time was had by all despite a few downpours which delayed some events. Even with the Plant Team maintaining a lead throughout the games, the Animal Team fought hard to the end. Final score: Plants 86/Animals 46

MVA: Charlie Werth
MVP: Wayne Angleberger

JULY 4TH, 1983

EVENT	FIRST	SECOND	THIRD
Ping Pong	Janis Antonovics P	Tim Donato A	Joe Murray P
Road Race-M	6:22 John Dennis P	6:40 Mike Blouin P	6:45 Steve Stephenson A
" " F	7:15 Maggie Desch** P	7:36 Regina O'Donnell A	8:11 Lynn Broaddus P
" " Ch.	Willy Murray P	Tommy Angleberger P	Kate Antonovics A
Croquet	Claude Stephens A	Wayne Angleberger P	Gerry Mackie A
Men's	43'10" P	35'1" P	31'9" A
Seed spitting	John Bell ** P	Wayne Angleberger P	Scott Wooden A
Women's	28'9½" P	28' ½" P	27'9½" P
Seed spitting	Karen Pittman P	Mary Ann Angleberger P	Mary Palmer P
Children's			
Seed spitting	Doug Gooch A	Kate Antonovics A	Tommy Angleberger A
Lawn Bowling	Jim Murray P	Regina O'Donnell A	T. J. Savereno P
Basketball	Steve Hulburt P	Ben Wolff A	Jef Londrey A
Rock Skipping	Wayne Angleberger P	Jim Murray P	Jim Hill A Jim Gooch A
Watermelon Relay	ANIMALS: Gene Kelly,	Regina O'Donnell, Jef Londrey	Tim Donato
Soccer	PLANTS		
Badminton	Charlie Werth A	Joe Murray P	
Horseshoes	Wayne Angleberger P	Jim Hill A	Jim Murray P
Women's Volleyball	PLANTS		
Men's Volleyball	PLANTS		
Mixed Volleyball	ANIMALS		
**NEW RECORD			
		FINAL SCORE	
		Plants 86	
		Animals 46	

PLANT TEAM CAPTAIN: Rise Roy

ANIMAL TEAM CAPTAIN: Tim Donato



Salt Pond Follies

JULY 9, 1983

INTRODUCTION TO MONTE DE LACO.....Dr. James Gooch
 DRAMAMcCauley/O'Donnell/Travis/Stephens
 SONGMary Alexander acc. by Charlie Werth
 GAMELes Real/Karen Pittman
 SLIDES Claude Stephens
 LECTURE/DEMONSTRATIONJanis Antonovics/Joe Travis
 SKIT Wolf/Robbins/Redmond/Bell/Wolf
 MUSICAL ACTThe Salt Pond Warblers
 LECTURE/DEMONSTRATION Plant Population Biology Class
 SONGSteve Bullock/Maggie Desch
 SATIRE Tim Donato/Jef Londrey
 SKITGordie/Bryce/Mary/Dianne/Akke
 MUSIC Les Real
 ENRICHMENTCharlie Werth
 SKITJim Dooley/Jim Hill/Claude Stephens et al
 SKIT Dan/Scott/John/Dianne
 SLIDES Steve Hulburt
 THE GREEN BOX ?



Salt Pond Follies

August 13, 1983

- Bess Murray.....Dramatic Reading
- Mammal Group....."The Owl Quest"
(a brief drama)
- Elsbeth Grant.....Scottish dances with
accompaniment
- Claude Stephens.....Slides
- Charlie Werth.....Medley
- Bernie Roche.....Tunes
- Rod Keller and Scott Tuesdale.....The English Ornithologist
sketch
- Vertebrates....."hi" drama
- Mark Zimmerman.....Guitar
- Field Botany Class.....Operetta
- Midnight Alley Blues.....Music
Steve Bullock and Lisa Harper
- Steve Hulburt.....Slides

Mountain Lake Biological Station



MOUNTAIN LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA. 22901
(804) 924-3151

9 July 1983
St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Mt. Lakers:

I am very sorry not to be there today for a visit. Believe me, if I could get out of St. Louis I'd be there. I'm stuck here after coming to see the Cardinals play the Padres. I thought it was an Ecclesiastical League playoff game. Made sense to me: Cardinals and Padres, teams from St. Louis and San Diego, anybody could have made the same mistake. So here I am in a hotel in what must be the hottest, stickiest place in the U.S., writing to you on paper that I got at the Station a couple of years ago.

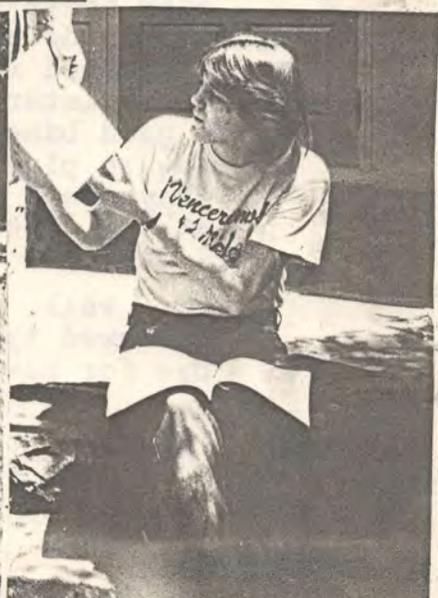
Not much new with me at Rome. I heard that the Pope was back in town for a few days last week in between trips ~~X~~ to far-away lands where too few people speak Italian and nobody speaks Polish. Recently got some new Cassocks, with a nice red trim.

I heard that Dr. Riopel will not be back next year. Figures, inasmuch as he owes me \$20 from a bet we made last year. I am not implying that this is why he won't be back, but the coincidence is amazing. I also heard that Steve and Akke are expecting very soon; I think the University of Virginia ought to be ashamed: Steve always said that he needed a helper around the Station and to force them to produce their own is real embarrassing. Also heard that the Station got lots of renovation help this year. I heard that the windows in the lab were painted shut, but I think that this is good: too many times they were left open in the rain. Now that they are painted shut, they can't be left open. Believe me, it will be a mistake to force them open. Of course by the time you get this letter maybe they've been open. The way the mail runs in this country by the time you get this letter maybe they'll have been painted shut again. The mail here is not like in Italy; once we get more than 3 weeks behind (or 3,000,000 pieces backlog, whichever comes first) we burn all the backlog and catch up in a day. I also do this with my correspondance. But I notice that I have digressed from the Station news. I heard that COBOL Marley and the Printers will appear at the Talent Show this year: they are a good band, but often too high on packing peanuts to remember how to play their processors. I heard them at one concert where they clean forgot to plug in. Was real weird. As was the attendance at the concert of a certain Archbishop with a certain... but again I digress.

Well, was very nice to hear from you. I have to return this borrowed typewriter and head for the airport and back to Rome. Bye for now, good luck Steve and Akke, and God Bless All.

Sincerely,

Mr. Guido



INSECT ECOLOGY REVEALS...
WHAT HAVE THEY BEEN DOING FOR THE PAST 5 WEEKS?

Insect Ecology--It's a cult folks, and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. All the time you people thought our class was tossing around deep theoretical jargon like--the logistic growth equation; neutrally stable models; convergent oscillations; ridge regression; age specific survivorship; and the dogma of the universe and the species/area relationship.

But no, we were exploring new realms, respecting each others space, becoming in touch with our karmas, having out of the body (and mind) experiences, and attempting to answer the unanswerable such as:

Why does Dr. McCoy trip over every rock in the forest?

Why does Cathy exclaim "baby" every time she sees a spider?

Why does Lisa fall asleep in a class of 2?

What really was in all those little paper bags? Some people thought they were our bag lunches for the term--they were wrong!

Why does Dr. McCoy like to drop his chalk on the floor and then save all the little pieces?

Why was Cathy volunteered by her class to get stuffed up under every bridge near Mt. Lake in search of buzzing mud-dauber nests?

Do real scientists really paperclip chestnut leaves together?

Was there really an Insect Ecology class at Mt. Lake? We never saw them!!!

Quote of the year:

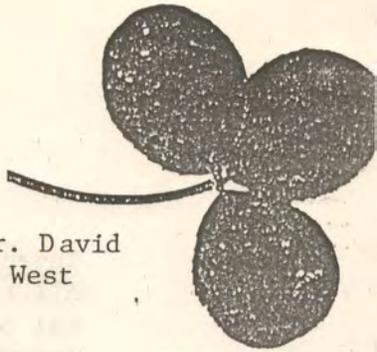
"Caterpillars starve regardless of what they are not eating."

P. P. Feeny

ECOLOGICAL GENETICS

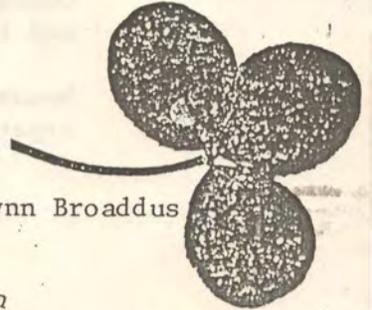
O, hail to our class Ecological,
Genetical, Past'ral, Historical!
Even Tragical, too,
When selection is through,
And often most marvellously Comical.

Dr. David
West



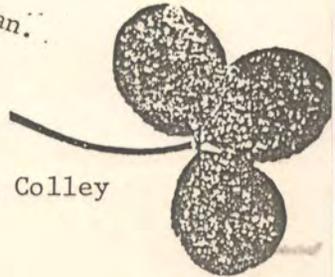
A lovely young lady named Lynn
Thought eating escargot a sin.
But once she did see a
5-banded Cepaea
Her anti-snail scruples caved in.

Lynn Broaddus



Of slugs, Cathy Fergen's a fan
She collects them whenever she can.
But now the fun's over,
Her slugs won't eat clover,
And Cathy's revising her plan:

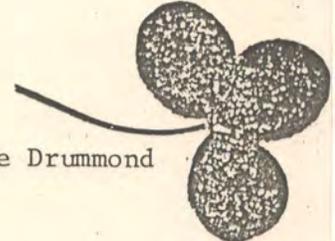
Jack Colley



There was a young woman named Lundy
Who hated to get up on Monday,
But we roused her one day
To get snails in the hay,
And then down at Gillie's,
a Sundae.

The Black Wood of Celco, it seems,
Is a place beyond all Katie's dreams.
With lichens caput
And the trees smirched with soot,
She looks through the forest and beams!

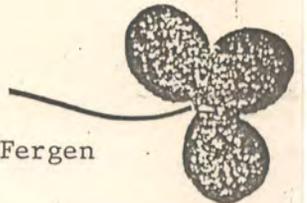
Katie Drummond



Claude Stephens is keen on statistics
From goodness-of-fit to cladistics.
Neither chi squares nor t's
Are to him mysteries--
You might call him one of the mystics.

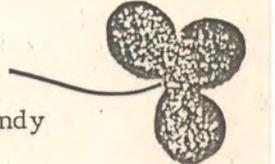
An allozyme jockey is Mark
And at reading his data, a shark.
On gelatinous goop he
Spread philenor pupae
And scored all the bands in the dark!

Cathy Fergen



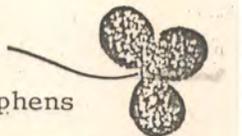
Our Scott was an athlete, 'tis said,
'Till Papilio went to his head.
Though once on the mat
He could knock his foes flat,
He now wrestles data instead.

Kathy Lundy



The last but not least of our crew
Is Jack Colley, a naturalist true.
On a storm-flattened tree
He knows every last bee
And even which way the wind blew!

Claude Stephens



Scott Wooden



Mark Zimmerman



FIELD BOTANY OF THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS

by Beth Griffin

Field Botany at Mountain Lake this summer was an outstanding educational opportunity. In addition to learning a great deal about botany and plant ecology and absorbing multitudes of "polysyllables inane", we gained a lot of practical experience. This experience included: learning how to run up rock slides after our teacher while simultaneously focusing on not getting hurt (as explicitly instructed), learning to allow an extra hour or two travel time (for getting lost), learning to search for (but not necessarily find) plant hybrids, learning to identify dead and wilted plant specimens, and learning not to begin one's plant collection less than two days before it's due.

The class was especially enjoyable because of the unique personalities of the students and teacher. Vicki Comer, for instance, kept us always guessing as to what new outfit she would wear on a given day. She was consistently the best-dressed of the group, even on the camping trip where she was the only person to bring a flannel nightgown. Scott Truesdale, the geologist of our group, was always willing to analyze any rocks we saw out in the field. He also drove the "carry-all", something no one else was brave (crazy?) enough to do. Maggie Desch, the quietest of the budding botanists, was slow to reveal her often subtle sense of humor. We all thought she was serious (ugh!) until she attached a thorn (or was it a spine, or a prickle?) to her nose one day and continued nonchalantly about her business. Beth Griffin, who injured herself more than anyone thought humanly possible, can also be remembered for successfully postponing one of the dreaded quizzes by locking her keys in her car. And finally, there's Bernie (Burn-out) Roche who amazed us all with her jokes, songs, and disgustingly consistent good humor.

Leading this unique group was Charlie Werth who got a caffeine high each morning and then proceeded to dart up hillsides, over fences, and through streams whenever he saw an unusual plant (or any fern). Unfortunately, Charlie's extreme enthusiasm did not spread to his students who usually sat in the car and watched Charlie jump those fences, wishing all the while that they had a movie camera. Not that the enthusiasm wasn't appreciated, it just never quite caught on.

A few things did catch on though. Among them were the most-used-phrase, "Are we lost gain?", and the most-used-nickname, "Emanuel" (short for the Manual of Vascular Plants of Northeastern United States and Adjacent Canada). Oh, and one more thing caught on, the Joy of Botanizing, as exemplified in our theme song below:

I love to go and botanize
My vasculum on my back
And as I wander through the woods
I rip and tear and hack

Botanee...

Botanaye...

Botanee...

Yucca, yucca, yucca, yucca

Botanee...

Botanaye...

My vasculum on my back!



BARTER SYSTEM IN PLANT POLLINATOR INTERACTIONS

Narr: Dawn is beginning to break on the summit of Naked Nubble as the neighboring valleys still slumber in darkness. A lone flower (John Bell!?) lazily opens its petals raises its head to greet the morning.

John: Ad lib

Narr: The flower perks up when it hears a familiar noise that seems to be coming closer and closer.

Bees: Bzzzzz

John: Oh good, company. It gets pretty lonely up here.
(Bees come in; Licia (bee) dances in & over to John (flower))

Licia: This flower looks like it has a high expectation of reward. I've got to go back and tell the rest of the hive about this.
(Licia goes back to get other bees (Ann & Louise))

John: That was great! What are you doing up here?

Licia: We came to get nectar and pollen from you.

Ann: He looks like he has great variance!

John: Hey, I'm not just going to give you this stuff. It cost alot to make. What do I get out of it?

Ann: Here's a popular commodity of exchange (\$1 bill); would you like some of this?

John: You've got to be crazy! I can't use that stuff up here. I've got all the green stuff I need.

Licia: We can give you some of this pollen we have.

John: Pollen! I've got plenty of my own. Forget it!

Licia: You can't use your own pollen.

Louise: You'll end up with kids that have glabrous petals and scurfy, rugose leaves. We've got pollen from plants with a wide range of genotypes--your offspring will be able to survive under a variety of environmental conditions.

Licia: And hence your relative fitness will increase.

John: Fitness! Ad lib

Ann: He sure looks fit to me. You don't have to lift a petal--we'll take care of it all.

John: Well that sounds like a pretty good deal, but actually it gets so hot up her I'd rather have a cold 6-pack of beer.

Licia: That's easily arranged. But before we shake on it, let's sample this nectar and see if your variance is as good as it looks.
(John pours wine, bees taste, consult, calculate)

Louise: The mean's good, variance is low and it fits my theoretical economic model, the 3rd & 4th moments are impressive, maybe we should switch. But before we finalize the deal, let me calculate the fifth moment.

John: Oh, you want a fifth! Why didn't you say so!

Ann: Well of course we want a fifth. We've had a rough morning dealing in the commodities market. (exchange beer for wine) This economic system works O.K.

Licia: What's that noise?

John: Here come those scientists. You guys better buzz off. That was a worthwhile visit. This barter system's O.K.

Elaine: 0-0-0. No nectar today. I guess that flower just didn't produce any nectar today! Time for a nap.

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN PLANTS OPERETTA

CAST: Dr. Charlie Werth, Beth Griffin, Bernie Roche, Vicki
Comer, Maggie Desch and Scott Truesdale

ACT I

Plants Which in the Woods Do Grow (To the tune of: I Am
the Very Model of a Modern Major General) Words by: Gleason &
Cronquist

There's Liliium and Trillium
Gnaphalium and Allium
Thelypteris phegopteris
Dryopteris and Galium
Dioscorea quaternata
Chimaphila maculata
Amphicarpa bracteata
Acer pensylvanicum

There's Acer, Fagus, Quercus alba
Tsuga caroliniana
Prunus, Pyrus, Malus and
Hamamelis virginiana
Epigaea, Rhododendron
Oxalis and Oxydendrum
Rhus typhina, Smilacina
Elymus virginica

ACT II

Botanizing Song (to the tune of The Happy Wanderer)

I love to go and botanize
My vasculum on my back
And as I wander through the woods
I rip and tear and hack

Botaneee...

Botanaye...

Botaneee...

Yucca, yucca, yucca, yucca

Botaneee...

Botanaye...

My vasculum on my back

ACT III

Mighty Fine Vine

(To the tune of: Doowah Ditty-Ditty by Manfred Mann)

Well, here's a vine just-a-sprawlin' cross the ground
Doowah Ditty-ditty dom ditty doo
We'll pick it on up and pass it all around
Doowah ditty-ditty dom ditty doo
Smilax rotundifolia really gets around
Doowah ditty ditty dom ditty doo.

Looks good, looks good
Looks fine, looks fine
Looks good, looks fine
Can we learn another vine?

OK here's a vine rising from the forest floor
Doowah, etc.
Why, it's the pipevine *Aristolochia durior* sp??
What's that eating it? *Battus philenor*!

Looks good, etc.

Well here's another vine just a-creeping cross a fence
(fade.....)

ACT IV

The Flowers That Bloom at Twin Springs

(To the tune of the Flowers That Bloom in the Spring by Gilbert
& Sullivan

Werth: The Flowers that bloom at Twin Springs
Trala
All have a botanical name

And now you must cram in your brain
Ha ha
These polysyllables inane
Trala

Class: These polysyllables inane?

Is this what you mean when you say and you sing
Remember the flowers that bloom at Twin Springs
Tralalalalaha
Tralalalalaha
The flowers that bloom at Twin Springs.

EVILOUTION

Darwin was a lame brain fool
His birds are all the same
And all those little bitty fishes
Came down with God's first rain.
Come on you all, express yourself
Show your admiration
Cause we all know how to steal the show!
Spontaneous generation

Chorus:

This talk about speciation
Don't matter anyhow!
The way we always ever was
Is the way we is right now.
Cause monkeys don't watch T.V.
Burn books or push a plow
When Mary had a little lamb
Her mother had a cow.

Now there never was such a thing
As a multivariate niche
We live the way we always have
We'd rather fight than switch
Besides changins too much trouble
Movin on just causes pain
We knows it cause we thinks it
In our tiny little brain.

My mother's father's sister's brother
Was the same as I am now
And so on infinitum
As far as the law allows
Cause we're all related to Adam
And we're all real close to Eve
Like one big happy family
That lives in Tennessee!

So grab your good books and your money
Let's start a revolution
And send those tax deductible bills
To stamp out evil-loution
Ain't no such thing as a point mutation
That selects for little "r".
The way we always ever will be
Depends on what we are.

GIMME THAT DIPLOID CONDITION

(Tune: Give Me That Old Time Religion)

Chorus: Gimme that diploid condition
Gimme that diploid condition
Gimme that diploid condition, it's good enough for me.

1. It was good enough for Darwin...(and it's good enough for me)
Chorus
2. It's been tried by natural selection...(and it's good enough for me)
Chorus
3. Oh, the tetraploids are bigger...(as we can always see)
Chorus
4. Oh, the triploids they are sterile...(and that is bad to be)
Chorus
5. There are autoallooctoploids, but we will leave them be
Chorus
6. It gives recombination...(that we can clearly see)
Chorus
7. It produces translocations...(and it's good enough for me)
Chorus
8. It survives bad mutations...(and it's good enough for me)
Chorus
9. It keeps the sexes equal...(and is legal as can be)
Chorus
10. It is seldom homozygous...(but it's good enough for me)
Chorus
11. It gives us e-volution...(except in Tennessee)

C.R. Bell
Mt. Lake
1965

THE MAMMAL PROJECT

It has often been stated that truth can be stranger than fiction. Why this should be so has been a source of consternation to philosophers and writers of fiction alike. However, it is clear that any author who proposed that CINDY and TAMMY, while trying to attract an owl with taped owl calls would suddenly hear a booming voice echoing "BARRED OWL" would be accused of sorely trying our credulity. Similarly, even the most skillful author would have difficulty explaining how our hero J.D. was successfully mauled in the arm-pit by a vicious 8" picket fence or how a maddened chair ripped deeply into CINDY's leg.

However, the summer was not without its triumphs. This year's Horton Naturalist JIM H. finally made the considerable adjustment of switching from birds to mice. It is with great pride that we can report that he no longer tries to wrap ear-tags around the legs of the mice and now releases them on the ground rather than tossing them into the air.

JEAN made great strides in learning what mice do in the dark, but a sense of propriety forbids that we present the results in a journal that is available to children 75 years or younger. However, we can say that you wouldn't believe what they can do with wet leaves!!!

REGINA was voted the "most butch" mammal trapper on the basis of her appearance at the annual celebration of the Royal Nuptials and the birth of Prince William (affectionately known as Buba). It only confirmed what we knew all along. Congratulations Regina!!

JOHN successfully set a new record for stating : "the computer should be able to do that" (which, of course, it couldn't) more times in a single session than anyone in recent recollection.

JIM D., despite his injury, proceeded to show that the 26 hour work day was not only possible, but necessary in order to stick to his research schedule. It has been estimated that if Jim was not caught up by March 31st 1843, he never will be. Sorry Jim!

TAMMY showed that even a pre-med can have fun playing with mice, although we thought practicing brain surgery on them was a bit much.

CINDY played a critical role in the 6MBOA (don't ask) experiment. Both by shooting up mice and by assuring a bumper crop of trap molesting raccoons next year by turning them on with that reproduction stimulating substance.

Director elect JERRY spent the summer of 1983 perfecting his renowned work extraction techniques while losing 2 technicians to injuries, 1 to Front Royal and 1 who who fled to med-school muttering something about "less work".

Finally, we must mention GORDY who while not a member of the mammal group did hang out with them alot. Congratulations on mapping 7113 trees (yes, we counted). Hope your eyes get uncrossed soon.

THE MAMMAL GROUP:

Jerry Wolff	Regina O'Donnell
Cindy Van Clef	Jean Fitzgerald
Jim Hill	Jim Dooley
John Porter	Tammy Olsen

October 29, 1983

Dear Fellow Mt. Lakers,

As we sit before a roaring fire, with full bellies, listening to Praire Home Companion, we agree...this is a good time to write a letter for the Echoes. A lot has changed in our lives since the session ended just 10 weeks ago. Michael Steven Hulburt arrived 8 weeks ago on September 4th. We tried to prepare for his arrival, but at 9½ lbs. we were a little shocked. We couldn't have asked for a smoother delivery.

Suddenly, all the wonderful gifts we received from everybody have new meaning. We knew in theory that they were going to be used eventually, but until Michael was wearing them or wrapped up in them they seemed a little unreal. Now at 13 lbs. he has already outgrown some of his outfits. As is expected of proud parents, we'll keep a photographic record of his development for all of you to see when you get a chance.

Winter is not wasting any time emerging here, in fact we had a 26° reading in September and numerous sub-freezing temperatures in October. All the leaves have fallen and we're expecting our first snow any minute now. This winter will be a new experience for our family, but we are looking forward to an exciting challenge.

We are using this letter and the Echoes to send out all our thanks to you for the cards and letters of support. The summer was great for the two of us and the future will be great for the three of us as long as we have friends like you behind us. Thanks again for making the last months of Akke's pregnancy and the first months of Michael's life such a memorable time.

Love,

Steve, Akke and Michael

THE SALT POND WARBLERS

Featuring: The Great Bald Eagle, Walter the Turkey, Wren Ben, Hen Lynn, Raven Jack, Mary Pat the Chat, Lisa the Harpy, Canary Katy, Jef Grosbeak, Biru-brained Bernie, Rufous-sided Rise, John the living seagull, Susanne Swift, Craig the Jay, and Big Bird Ziggy!

(Tune of "Love Me Tender")

As we drove up to the gate,
There was Mary Ann.
Clip-board with your roomie's name,
She makes all the plans.

Where is Tommy all day long
With his pals in crime?
Only seen three times a day,
Always first in line.

Refrain

Mary Ann, Mary Ann
Boss of Mt. Lake
When she speaks, just see Wayne jump,
That is all it takes.

Refrain

Here the typing clickey-click,
And the Xerox moan.
Pay your bill on time with her,
Or you'll head back home.

Wayne will write it on your bill,
All that stuff like stamps.
By the time the summer ends,
We'll be poor as tramps.

Refrain

When you hear that phone a-ring
There's that voice again...
"MT. LAKE BIOLOGICAL STATION"

Refrain

Refrain

CLASS AVES AWARDS

Jeff: He's a wild thing; makes the birds sing

Lynn: Good Egg Award

Ben: Oops! Award

Walter: Nascent Biologist Award

Lisa: Budding Naturalist Award

Mary Pat: Most Likely to Interrupt Award

Craig: Most Likely to Exceed Award

John: Casual Award

Katie: Hybrid Species Award (Indigo veery)

Rise: Walk a Mile for a Fledgling Award

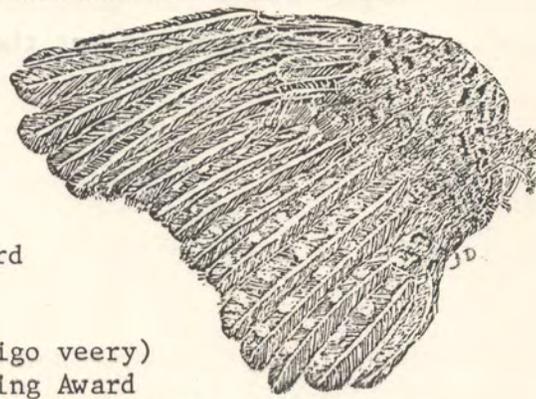
Susanne: The Not so Swift at Finding Nests; but Swift
at Finding Blind Baby Birds Award (That's Nidiculous)

Jack: Green Box Gnome Award

Bernie: Procrastination Award (when was that paper due?)

Zig: Father Figure Award

Dr. Johnston: Grandfather Figure Award



MT. LAKE FINAL EXAM

MATCHING: Select the word or phrase best associated with the following:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| a. Maggie Desch | 1. wurtur, as in "Would you like a glass of wurtur?" |
| b. Mary Pat DiGiacobbe | 2. OO-RAH |
| c. Ken Simpson | 3. Ladies and gentlemen... |
| d. Plant Team and/or John Bell | 4. bagpipes |
| e. J. J. Murray, Jr. | 5. Son of a gun! |
| f. Vicki Comer | 6. cookies, cookies, cookies..... |
| g. Scott Wooden | 7. 3-5 outfit changes daily |
| h. Bruce Grant | 8. sports section of newspaper |

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE

=====

OFFICE MEMO ??

TO: DR. J. J. Murray, Jr., Director

FROM: Mary Ann Angleberger, Secretary

There once was a Director named Murray

Who caused his secretary much worry

He constantly quoted from poetry & prose

And where he got them, ncbody knows!

TO: Mary Ann Angleberger, Sec.

FROM: J. J. Murray, Jr., Director

There was a young lady named Mary Ann

Who went to M. L. as Secretary and

Her boss's invective

Made her lose her perspective

Her padded cell now is very bland

